THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

"Whatever you are Be tha Whatever you say Be true Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you."

Little Orphant Annie.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay.

An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away.

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep.

An' make the fire, an bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things is done.

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun.

A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,

tells about, the Gobbie-uns 'at gits you er you Don't Watch

Onc't they was a little boy 'at wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs.
His mammy heerd him heller, an' his daddy heerd him bawl.
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafterroom, an' cubbyhole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly flue, an' everywheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was this, his pants an' roundabout!
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

El you Ef you Don't Watch

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus An' one time a little siri 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood and kin:
An' onc't when they was "company," an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em and shocked' em, an' said she didnt care!
And thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two g'eat big Black Things a standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' fore she knowed what she's about! Gobble-uns'll git you

Don't Watch An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue, An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo! An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' help the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

If you wish to be popular you should ask yourself questions and then quiet-ly hunt for the answer, instead of asking your parents or friends questions and feeling disappointed and grumpy because they are irritated and do not answer. Nothing is more vexing to some people than a question they can-

Uncle Jed asked himself a question once and never asked anyone else the question until he found the right answer. He came near dying without finding it for it took him 25 years, and he has never asked anyone else this question who could answer it

I do not know that the world would have missed anything of importance if the answer had never been dis-covered, but it was a source of satis-

faction to the boy to find the answer to the question after he had become man. He noticed that persistence

There are lots of unimportant que tions coming into the minds of Wide-Awakes which other people cannot answer, the self-discovered answer of which is a real achievement. It is not what the other party doesn't an-swer, but the success of finding the answer to your own inquiry that is of real value.

Children are not very expert at answering questions. A little girl who had read in the Bible that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed were noted for eating camels.

It was a boy who inquired: "If a Quaker never took his hat off to anyone, how could the barber cut his hair?"

Even Wide-Awake children ask many foolish questions, and a few sensible ones (if you watch out you will notice grown-ups do the same thing).

Asking yourselves questions and then finding the answer is laying the foundation for a studious habit, and a stu-

dious habit makes leaders of men.

"Knowledge is power," and wanting to know represents the propelling energy to usefulness and wisdom. Indifference to objects or things of interest leads to dull contentment and it is easy to find, but not profitable.

To be able to promptly answer ten questions where he asks one is the best type of a Wide-Awake and the sure promise of a lively manhood.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS 1-Ariene Pearl, of Augusta, Me. The Wolcott Twins. 2-Marguerite Barry, of Norwich-

3-Alice Purcell, of Colchester Swiss Family Robinson. 4-Christine Barry, of Norwich-The

5-Alice Kinney, of South Coventry-Rip Van Winkle. 6-Floyd Hill, of Norwich-The Out-7—Irene White, of Willimantic—Adventures of a Brownie.

8-Frances D. Fields, of Norwich-The Club at Crow's Corners. The winners of prize books living in the city may call at the Bulletin bus-iness office for them at any hour after 10 a, m, on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Gladys Houle, of Stafford Springs— I thank you very much for the prize book. I have begun to read it and it promises to be very interesting.

E. Abbott Smith, of Burnside—I re-ceived the prize book and I thank you very much for it. I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Rose Driscoll, of Norwich—I thank you ever so much for the book you sent me. I was pleased to get it and find it very interesting. I am writing you a letter on a new desk that Santa Claus brought me.

Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Springs

Thank you ever so much for the
prize book you sent me for Christmas.
I have read it through and it was very

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-

AWAKES.

The "Dragons" of Today.

"Now Aunty," said Robert, as he was almost ready to hop into bed, "will you tell me another nice story?"

"I am thred, but you have been a good boy teday, so I will tell you a short story," said Aunty.

She began her story, which was about a fairy queen who lived across the sea and in her land was a fierce dragon, who killed many people each day. In this fair queen's kingdom was a knight who was very brave and she decided to send him forth to fight the dragon.

the dragon.

He gladly went and after a fierce battle won a great victory.

"Oh!" said Robert when his aunty had finished, "I wish there were dragons now."

"There are many of them today and "There are many of them today and I wish you would fight one," said his

aunt.

"What is it?" said Robert.

"Well." said his aunt, "most every-body has a dragon to fight and yours is the dragon "Brag." When the other boys are doing something you always say, 'Oh, I can do that! That's nothing,' or something similar to that. Now

Robert reported each day, and one day he said, "Aunty, it isn't half so bad not to brag now as before. Before, when I would start I couldn't stop, but just think I haven't bragged a bit this week. I think that dragon is wounded, and I do hope he will die."

Aunty was very glad and she hugged Robert and said, "I knew you would kill him."

I think wa all have a start one of the said of the said.

would kill him."

I think we all have some dragon to fight. Perhaps it isn't the dragon Brag, but there are many others.

Let us begin with the New Year to fight our dragons and we will find we will be happier boys and girls.

FRANCES L. FIELDS, Age 13.

Norwich.

Jim's Christmas Present.

Jim's Christmas Present.

Jim was a colored boy whose father was dead. His mother worked in a lady's kitchen to support herself and Jim. In the winter all the boys had sleds and had a good time sliding down hill.

Jim had no sled. He often stood with his bare hands in his pockets looking at the other boys, and wishing he could have one.

Sometimes the boys broke their sleds, and then they carried them to Jim and asked him to mend them for them. He was always kind, and never refused to help them.

A lady, who lived near the hill, often sat by the window watching the boys at their sport. She noticed Jim, and she thought that the boys ought to lend him their sleds some times.

By and by Christmas came, and Santa Claus, too, looking for good boys. He saw Jim, and liked him. In the night, while Jim was asleep, Santa Claus carried a nice sled to his house and left it on the doorsteps, where Jim found it in the morning. A card was tied to the sled, and on it was written, "Jim, from Santa Claus."

Jim knew that it belonged to him, and it made him very happy. He got his cap, tyok his sled, and went to the hill. The boys were all very glad and shouted:

"Jim has a new sled."

They all gathered around him to loot at it. It was prettier than their

They all gathered around him to loot at it. It was prettier than their sleds. t sleds. t

Jim had a good time sliding, and his face was very bright.

The lady sat by her window and saw Jim with his new sled. She looked pleased, but she did not look surprised. Perhaps she had told Santa prised. Perhaps she mad to claus to bring the sled to him.

NORA MARC AURELE.

Jack's Prize.

Jack's Prize.

"O Jack!" said Betsy, "I wonder if father will let us go to the spelling match tonight. For mother said she would have to ask him first."

"O!" said Jack, "I can go anyway." At last night came and both went to the Old Fashioned Spelling Match, which was held in Mrs. Smith's private school. They were accompanied by their father. After being seated comfortably the spelling match began with Dick and Tom captains. They were both chosen captains last time and Tom's side had won.

For the first few minutes it was very exciting, one by one they lowered down, till at last Tom had two on his side and Jack one. Now they are even! On and on they spelled for three-quarters of an hour without missing. Then came the fatal word, "Hibernate"—which was missed by Tom spelling it hybernate.

Tom was mad and walked into the corner.

corner.

One young lady brought forth a gold watch which was to be the prize, although the captains did not know it. For it had been planned to choose the captains and get a prize for the

winner.
On the way home Jack escorted Betsey and they met Tom, who had bragged the last time and had said Jack could not spell. He was very different now and said: "Jack cheated and he would fight him."

room. To end up with she began singing "John Brown."
The teacher told her that if she didn't stop it she'd see.
When at supper she was asked how she liked school, she said:
"I don't know. The teacher isn't as

and he would fight him."

Jack said although he was not afraid to fight he wouldn't before a lady. So they had no quarrel.

Which do you think deserved the

Norwich, Conn. HILL, Age 11.

Alice's Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: I write to tell the Wide-Awakes what I had for Christmas. I had a camera, a pillow-top to cross-stitch, a money purse with a penny inside, three or four handkerchiefs, two yards of flowered ribbon and a string of beads.

We had Christmas exercises in our school and there were quite a few peo-

ple present.
I spoke a piece, "What I B—?"
Here it is:

Say, how'd you like to be a child, Born in some tropic clime? It seems as if I'd hate it worst, About Christmas time. There are no Christmas trees, you see,

In all the Philippines, Just cocoanuts and such plants, And you know what that means. Look just as silly as could be, A swelt'ring 'mid the branches Of a tall banana tree.

And 'stead of having snow and ice, The way we have them here, It's hottest there at Christmas time Now wouldn't that seem queer?

And just imagine Santa with No reindeer, if you can, He'd have an automobile, And a great big paim leaf fan.

No, the children in Australia Can't be as happy as they might,

Till they come up where there's snow and ice.

And spend one Christmas night.

ALICE G. KINNEY, Age 13.

South Coventry.

The Old Year's Advice. The last night of the year, Decem-ber 31, 1915, the Old Year looked very feeble with gray hair and a long, gray As he sat at his desk looking over

As he sat at his desk looking over his papers he mumbled to himself, "This is a very nice boy with a gold star all the year, but one day."

He heard a sharp knock at the door and slowly rose from his chair to cross to the door. He was greeted by a tall, splended looking young man with dark hair, a very nice suit, and a light step. He said to the Old Year:

"I have come early so you can give me your advice for doing things."
"Come right in, I am glad to see you, but it makes me feel bad to leave this place, replied the Old "I should like a little advice," re-plied New Year. As they sat down the Old Year said, "My friend, I would like very much to hear that the European war was end-ed. Try not to have it in the United States."

Itates."
The clock struck twelve.
"Well, I must leave," said Old
Year, "Good bye,"
IRENE WHITE, Age 9. Willimantic.

The Poet Sisters. The Poet Sisters.

The Clovernook cottage was the home of the Cary family, and the poet sisters were Alice Cary and Phoebe Cary. While the sisters were still little girls, they began to write verses.

Phoebe was but 14 years old when she sent her first poem to a newspaper. She told no one, not even her sister Alice, what she had done. At last her

father brought the paper from the

A Chinese Schoolboy.

A Chinese Schoolboy.

China is noted for doing almost everything backward from the way we do in America. So it is not such a surprise to hear that a schoolboy studies out loud.

A whole schoolroom of them will all be huddled up close, singing their lessons over and over, each student seeming to think that the more noise he can make the harder he is studying.

When a schoolboy goes to recite he turns his back on the teacher. This is so that the teacher may be sure he is not looking on the book.

The Chinese idea is that when a pupil studies out loud the teacher can tell when he stops.

The schoolrooms are not heated, so the boy has to wear his thickest clothes when studying. He wears a cap pulled down over his head.

Even with these handicaps Chinese boys make good students and usually go to school from seven in the morning to five in the afternoon.

MARGUERATE J. BARRY, Age 12.

Norwich.

A Tame Deer.

frightened.

Mr. Gray had two children, a boy and a girl, who learned to drive the deer, who grew very fond of him.

MINNIE RIX, Age 11.

Dottie's First Day at School. "Yes, I am to go to school tomor-w." replied Dottie, smoothing out row," replied Dottie, smoothing out her sash. "Well, I hope you will like it," said

her sister Alice.
"Yes, and I hope you as I was," said Mary.
"Oh! I will be!" said Dottie. "You see if I am not."
The next day came all too soon to please Miss Dottie. Her real name

please Miss Dottle. Her real name was Dot or Dottle. Her first day at school was a queer one. She talked out loud, whispered and got up and walked around the room. To end up with she began sing-

Keep On Till You Win. A small boy who was wiry and muscular for his age was fond of wrestling with an older boy who always threw him, and one day the victor said good naturedly:

"John, I should think you would give up. You know I can beat you."

The little fellow answered:

"No: I'm going to keep on till I've learned to throw you."

And the time came when he did it, too.

That is the attitude to take toward a bad temper and other faults of the same sort. If a boy loses control of himself when somebody else says something disagreeable, it looks rather discouraging. Some boys give up and take it for granted they are going to be beaten as long as they live; but the start of how says just as John right sort of boy says, just as John said to his friend: "I am going to keep on till I've learned to throw you," and that spirit always wins in the end. LEO POLIQUIN, Age 11.

Versailles.

The First Snow Storm

after a rain-storm. AGNES E. SCHREUR, Agae 12. Stafford Springs.

Pussy was a lazy cat. She was so lazy she did not seem to see the rats and mice when they came out for a good meal.

She would sit by the fire and doze. Everyone said she was a good for nothing cat.

Finally she said: "This will never do." So she went to work. She soon killed all the rats and mice.

CHRISTINE BARRY, Age 8.

Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Dear Uncle Jed: Last Sunday was my hirthday and I had a good time.
When I went to school Monday I met a little girl and she was crying bitterly and I asked her why she was crying so hard, and she said she was late for school.

I asked her what her name was and she said Mary, so I took a hold of her hand and told her she wasn't late, and we hurried away to school: and I took her to the teacher and told the teacher that she said she was late and teacher told her she was five minutes early; and I went into my own room.
CLEORA EVELYN HUNTLEY. A Mistaken Little Lady.

Celebration at School. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the entertainment we had the last day of school. It closed Deember 17th.
My friend and I wrote the

thelar. I received a glove-box frem y tencher which is very pretty and setul, a small manicure set which onsists of a nail buffer, three manipuring sticks and, several other rings. I also received three post ands and a little book to keep pins

After the entertainment seven of he went skating for half an hour, the we went home having had a nice time.

ARLENE PEARL.

Augusta, Me.

The Very Best Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: It was a bright, sunny morn on the 25th of December when I was walking to the postoffice for the mail. Every person I met seemed so happy and greeted me with "Merry Christmas!"

I received several Christmas packases, newspapers, letters and post-cards. I was especially interested in reading the letter which came from my aunt who lives in New York city. She would be with our family that very evening, so the letter said, and sure enough, she came. When she arrived there were eight of us to partake of a good Christmas dinner. We helped eat our share of the ten pound goose.

Mother had made a large Christmas fruit cake and I had decorated it with a holly wreath. The holly leaves being made of citron peel and the candles, which were red, used for berries, made the whole cake palatable. I stood the cake on a board covered with a holly paper napkin and lighted red and green candles around it.

My sister ornamented another cake, which was chocolate coated, by using little white caraway seed candles and printing "Merry Christmas" on it with them.

Mother also had made some ples

One day a man shot a doe which had two young ones with her. The young deer, or fawms, were so frightened they did not know which way to go.

One of them ran right up to the man and was caught.

One of the men, whose name was Gray, took the fawn home with him and kept him.

He soon got quite tame and would go to his master when he was called. As soon as he was fully grown a harness was made for him and he was taught to draw a buggy like a horse. It was a curious sight to see Mr. Gray riding through the streets of the village in a carriage drawn by such a queer looking horse.

It not only attracted the attention of the people, but the horses as they passed would look very shyly at the deer's long horns. Some of them were frightened.

Mr. Gray had two children, a boy and a girl, who learned to drive the deer, who grew very fond of him.

We had a large holly crate of Caley's we had a large holly crate of Caley's

I played a duet.

We had a large holly crate of Caley's art crackers which was imported from Norwich, England, and it afforded us much pleasure to crack them. They contained novelties and trinkets such as tricks, surprises, necklets, pins, brooches, chains, Jap negatives, china-ware, etc. Each cracker also contained

ware, etc. Each cracker also contained a puzzie or game.

We sat around the open fire afterwards and talked of olden days, while we were busy eating apples, oranges, nuts and candy.

Our parlor had a real Christmas appearance, as I had previously decorated it with silver tinsel, red ribbon laurel and holly. Over the fireplace was hung a red ribbon with "Merry Christmas" in gilt letters, strung on it, and they glittered in the lamplight.

I received lots of presents, among which were handkerchiefs, kid gloves, money, and there was also a ffexible flyer between my sister and me. It is very large, five feet two inches long, very large, five feet two inches long, and will easily hold three older per-sons. It will afford us much pleasure

this winter, I hope.

We stayed up till about half past two Sunday morning, so we felt rather sleepy the following day.

sleepy the following day.

My sister received a Christmas card with these words on it:

"If my wishes come true,
This Christmas for you
Will be far the best Christmas
You've ever lived through!"

It certainly proved to be the very best Christmas we had ever lived through and I hope it was that way all over the world. over the world.

LILLIAN M. BREHAUT.

East Norwich, N. Y.

The Fish of North America.

Dear Uncle Jed: The fish of North America are the finest in the world for food and sport. The shad is probably the most valuable variety; it is scarcely surpassed for the table, its eggs hatch in the shortest time, its young require ne care after birth, and, being migratory, it draws its sustenance from the seas, while it travels far inland in its periodic visits to the land.

mance from the seas, while it travels far inland in its periodic visits to the land. There are a few farmers in this country who do not have upon their land a spring, or lake, or clear running stream. If these men knew how easily they could turn this water to profit, not only by raising food for themselves, but a supply for the city and village market, there would soon be very few waters without their finny inhabitants. Anyone can see at a glance what wealth this would add to the country.

When I awoke this morning I found the little town of Stafford Springs covered over with a coverlet of snow.

The trees were bending under the weight of it, which made them look like weeping willows.

The houses, fields and fences, which were covered with snow, looked like diamonds sparkling in the sun.

When the sun had wheeled its broad disk down behind the flue hills, the red, blue and yellow, streaks that arose from it rested on the pure, white snow.

Selves, but a supply for the city and village market, there would soon be very few waters without their finny inhabitants. Anyone can see at a glance what wealth this would add to the country.

The biggest of fresh water fishes, the "arapaima" of the Amazon, in South America, which grows to six feet in length, has teeth on its tongue so that the latter resembles a file and its used as such. Some kinds of trout also have the same peculiarity.

Fishes that swallow their prey entire have their teeth so supported on fiexiwhite snow.

Glistening in the last rays of the setting sun it made the snow look like the rainbow that rests in the sky shall not escape after they have once the state swallow their present the supported on flexible bases as to bend backward, but not forward, in order that their victims shall not escape after they have once

been selzed.

JESSIE L. BREHAUT.

East Norwich, N. Y.

Our Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: We had a big Christmas tree and it looked very pretty when it was all trimmed. We strung pop corn and cranberries to put on it.

After it was dark we lit the candles.

When the cendles had burned down my sister gave out the presents which were under the tree. I will tell you what I got.

A box of writing paper, apron, a pair of pins, a Var-pin, a gaine, a book, two handkerchiefs and two hair fasteners.

A Day in the Pines.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day we went to a pine grove not far from hers. There were many needles under the trees and we played they were carpets in our houses.

We climbed the trees and played hide-and-go-seek. We had a lot of fun and we are soing there again nome day to play.

JOHN H. BURRILL, Age 7.

Stafford Springs.

The King of Birds.

Dear Uncle Jed: The Eagle has been termed "the King of Birds," probably because of his keen sight, and the great height he can reach by

flying.

The American Eagle has a whithead; and is called the bald head; Eagle. This Eagle is not as large as strong as the Golden Eagle in the Rocky Mountains, which measure

Thursday SPECIALS SPECIALS HADDOCK IL FRESH MACKEREL **FANCY HERRING** Sliced SWORDFISH NARRAGANSETT BAY DYSTERS___ quart 38e Solid Meats Choice FLOUNDERS MARKET COD SLICED WHITE HALIBUT BOSTON BLUEFISH SALT SPARERIBS

about eight feet from tip to tip and BRITISH WORKMEN WERE three to three and one half feet in length. The wings are large and NONPUZZLED BY RECE

Eagles have curved claws that are very sharp. Their legs are covered with feathers to the toes. The beak is short and curved at the end. The female is bigger than the male, and is dark brown. The eggs are laid in a nest of sticks, and grass. It is very rudely built on rocks, and the eggs are laid on the bare stone. Two eggs of a yellowish white corol dotted with light brown spots are laid in a nest.

Eagles guard their young and will attack any one going near their nests. These birds fly to a great height. Eagles hunt in pairs. They live on rabbits, birds, fish and many small animals. They sometimes take young lambs, or sick sheep.—Unsigned. Eagles have curved claws that are

What the Clock Saw.

wash the boards and dust the desis.

One morning they came and I had
stopped running.

When the teacher came, she saw
I had stopped, and sent a little boy
home to see what time it was. He
came back and told her and she set
me quarter of nine. She wound me
up and then I started running. I
have been running ever since,

ORRIN WHITEHOUSE, Age 13.

Mansfield Centra.

Everett's Christmas Presents. Dear Uncle Jed: I received many things for Christmas. I had a water pistol that I like very much. I got four games and the names of them are Doctor Bushy Tiddledy Winks, Cinderella and Dominoes.

It is lots of fun to play Doctor

I had a prefty picture and some handkerchiefs. I hope all the Wide-Awakes had a Merry Christmas, too. EVERETT M. BURRILL, Age 9. Stafford Springs.

My Christmas Vacation. Dear Uncle Jed: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to the West Road school. My teacher's name is Miss Ray. We closed school with a Christmas tree which was very pretty when it was all decorated. I spoke a piece entitled "Mrs. Santa Claus"

NONPUZZLED BY RECEPTION Were Mistaken for a Delegation of

English Labor Party. London, Jan., 5, 1916-The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the famous pastor of the City Temple from which he recently resigned, has returned from a visit to the British troops in France with several good stories, among them the

A deputation from the Labor unions had accepted an invitation by
the government to visit the front and
see conditions for themselves. In
expectation of its arrival, staff officers
were sent to the wharf to greet the
incoming channel boat from England.
"Are the members of the Labor
Party aboard?" called out an offices
after the boat had been made fast,
A man obviously a workman step-What the Clock Saw.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am situated in the back of the school on the wall. I have a round face and two hands. I have a long pendulum that hangs down from my works, that go tick-tock. Lock-tock.

My frame is made of wood. I look and see the pupils studying their lessons, and then I see other children reciting. I see pictures on the wall, and writing done by the teacher on the boards.

I hear autos and teams going by and hear the children playing games out-of-doors.

At eight o'clock I see two girls come in and build the fire, sweep the floor, wash the boards and dust the desix. One morning they came and I had stopped running.

When the teacher came, she saw I had stopped and sent a little boy home to see what time it was. He came back and told her and she set me quarter of nine. She wound me up and then I started running. I have been running ever since.

ORRIN WHITEHOUSE, Age 12.

His Preference.

Not long ago a statesman would not be seen talking to a man of industry on the street.—George W. Perkins. No, he preferred going to a Gary dinner to do it.—New York World. Until recently 70 per cent or more of the waste molesses from Hawaiten the waste molasses from Hawaiian sugar factories was thrown away. Furnaces are now being installed to burn this molasses and use the heat for making steam. Spanish pencil makers have ordered thirty tons of cedar from the United

States.

Without any disturbance of business Cuba has adopted its new national coinage.

Indianna Early Goal Producer. eight years old. I go to the West Road school. My teacher's name is Miss Ray. We closed school with a Christmas tree which was very pretty when it was all decorated.

I spoke a piece entitled "Mrs. Santa Claus."

I had a tree at home, also, and Santa Claus came and put lots of toys and games and books on it for me.

I had a good long vacation and was ready to go back to school January 3. HELEN G. DIXON.

Colchester.

Indianna Early Coal Producer.

The United States Census reported the production of coal in Indiana at the pr

STARS AND STRIPES

"That one isn't as pretty as ours, anyway!" Esther cried triumphantly.
"No, indeed — not half," agreed Leigh. "It's all faded out-y!"

"An' there's free holes into it!" chimed in the Midget.
Grandpa swung round on his seat and reyarded the three little girls on the back seat gravely.

"The most beautiful flag I ever saw had-sheles in it," he said. "It was all faded out-y" and soiled and frayed but it was beautiful. We cheered it. The older children instictively understood end sat silent, with solemn sittle faces. "An whit is fare a battle, grandpa" Leigh apply. "There isn't any end to 'em."

"Was it inflore a battle, grandpa" Leigh anging quitely, nodding over his live much he looked as if it were becomation day and he was marching in the procession, with a gold cord around his hat. She always liked to see him at the head of his company. "Yes, it was after a battle and a victory," grandpa said, and how high it was form of the most there was a beginning," said sample quitely, nodding over his bring in the procession, with a gold cord around his hat. She always liked to see him at the head of his company. "Yes, it was after a battle and a victory," grandpa said, and how high it was been down on the back seat frem under their shagey gray brovel; will be seen a substantial the head of his company. "Yes, it was after a battle and a victory," grandpa said, and how high it was been down on the back seat frem under their shagey gray brovel; will be seen shoulders, too, and threw up his small brown head. He was wishing he could have cheered grandpa's battle-flag with the other boys.

They rode along farther, and there were roge flags to count and it company to the houses had a flag, and some of tham a good many. They took the breeze bravely and floated and wayed as if they were proud of themselves a flag of the foremany. "To be a flag of the f

Lazy Pussy.

GRACE A. BURRILL, Age 11. Stafford Springs.

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